

T H E
P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S,

At the Opening of the *T H E A T R E* in the *Hay-Market*,
October the 15th, 1706.

Written by Mr. Farquhar.

G R E A T Revolutions Crown this Wond'rous Year,
And Scenes are strangely turn'd, abroad, and here;
A Year mark'd out by Fate's Supream Decree
To set the *Theatre*, and *Europe* free:
A Year, in which the Destinies Ordain
The Mighty Monarch *LEWIS* to Restrain,
And the Dramatick Prince of *Drury-Lane*.
Both boldly push'd, to make the World their Prey,
Beggar'd their Subjects to inlarge their Sway;
But here, we own, the Simile does break,
Our Prince ne'er hurt us for Religion's sake.

To you the Asylum of the Refugee,
Like Poor Distressed *Camisars* we flee;
Who Starv'd beneath our Vines, like those in *France*,
To feed those Damn'd Dragoons of Song and Dance.
The Muses Cause we own, here stand our Ground,
With Sense to Combate all the Power of Sound;
They take the Foreign; we the *Brittish* Law,
The Poets ours, and theirs the Fa, la, la.
You----whose Subscriptions rais'd this fair Machine,
Whose timely Loan recover'd lost *Turin*,
Declare for Action in this Glorious Reign.
A Female Reign gives Liberty to Man;
And Tyrants vanish at the Name of *ANNE*:
Our State, and Stage must Liberty pursue,
When Rul'd by *ANNA*, and Maintain'd by you.